



A

S E R M O N

ON THE OCCASION OF THE DEATH OF

CHARLES F. ALLISON, ESQ.,

FOUNDER OF MOUNT ALLISON ACADEMY.

PREACHED AT THE INTERMENT OF HIS REMAINS AT
SACKVILLE, N. B., NOV. 23rd., 1858.

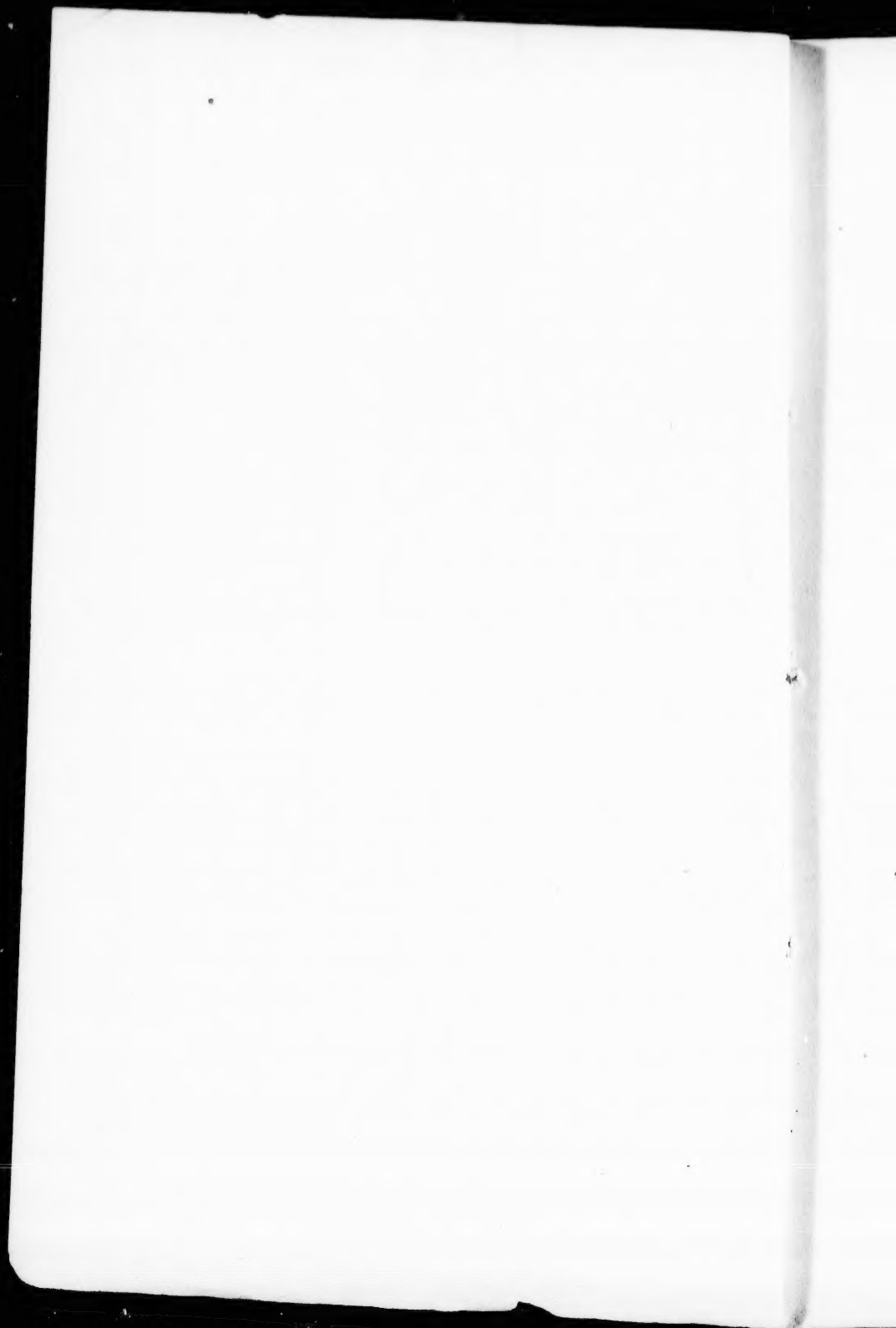
BY

REV. J. R. NARRAWAY, A.M.

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HALIFAX, N. S.:

PRINTED AT THE WESLEYAN CONFERENCE STEAM PRESS.
1859.



SERMON.

"Let me die the death of the righteous, and let my last end be like his."
—NUMBERS, xxiii, 10.

FORTY years from the night of death to the first-born in Egypt had nearly passed away, when the children of Israel, weary-footed wanderers in the desert, for the second time in their life-wasting journeyings, found themselves encamped in Kadesh on the frontier of Edom. Short space intervened between the tented tribes and the heritage of their fathers—but that space was filled with the precipitous rocks and fortified passes of Mount Seir. Permission peaceably to traverse these narrow defiles was refused to the Hebrews by their hostile kinsmen; and the hope of forcing their way through them, despite the armed resistance of the warlike hordes ready to defend them, was abandoned in despair. Nought remained to the desponding host, but again to plunge into that terrible wilderness, the scene of many judgments, to compass the land they were forbidden to cross. Reluctantly resuming their march toward the Red Sea, till they had swept around the end of the Elanitic gulf, then proceeding northward, they paused at the foot of Mount Hor; on some lofty eminence of which, Aaron, solemnly disrobed of priestly raiment, laid himself down to die. Disheartened by the renewal of their toils and perils, and dissatisfied with the nature of their food, still miraculously provided, they brake forth into rebellious discontent, and were condignly punished on account thereof

by the visitation of the fiery serpents. Pressing still northward, and subduing the Amorites who lay in their course and opposed their progress, the Israelites fought their way at length to the banks of the Jordan, and pitched their tents opposite Jericho in the plains of Moab, obtaining as the prize of their victories, possession of the fertile pastures and shady groves of Bashan.

Balak, king of Moab, beheld their encampment within the border of his ancient inheritance with envy and dread. Aware, doubtless, of the terrible events which had necessitated their exodus from Egypt, and of their wonderful history since that period—the column of fire that guided their march—the pillar of cloud which hung over their rear—the gushing stream from the smitten rock, and the daily manna from the hand of God—there was a terror creating mystery about them that filled the son of Zippor with alarm. And now that the Amorites on the east of the Jordan, who had rent from his race portions of their richest territory, had been wholly subjugated by these valiant nomades from the desert, fearing a similar fate for his own kingdom and people, the near approach of this heaven-guided multitude distressed him greatly. Powerless to withstand them by military force, nor daring to incur their anger by any display of armed strength, he had recourse to supernatural aid. By the river Euphrates dwelt a man—a strange man, who to the knowledge of the true God added the practice of unlawful enchantment, and who was widely famed among surrounding nations for the dreadful power of his magic. Strong was the belief of the credulous people—that whom he blessed was blessed—and whom he cursed was cursed. To this prophet-magician, Balak, in his terror, sent a solemn embassy with precious gifts, and with promises of yet more precious rewards, would he but hurl his destructive anathemas against the conquering array of which dejected Moab was sore afraid. At first prohibited, and then

permitted by God to set forth, Balaam hastened to meet the suppliant king.

From the high places of Baal on the hills of Moab—from the summit of Pisgah—from the top of the rocks on Mount Peor, the man of Pethor gazed down with reluctant admiration on the spreading encampment of Israel. But vain were the enchantments, vain the arts of divination, they prevailed not against Jacob; in vain smoked the holocausts on sevenfold altars—no word of cursing rose to the enchanter's lip—malediction withered the strength of the hated foe. A divine afflatus seized upon the prophet—a vision of the future floated along before his raptured sight. The dwellers in tents, the wanderers from Goshen in dreary deserts, have become the inhabitants of cities, and of peaceful villages nestling around the base of fair Tabor, of Hermon, and of Carmel, or along the slopes of cedar-crowned Lebanon, or among the glens of Judah, or around the waters of Gennesaret. Cloud-shadows are chasing each other with airy feet over golden corn fields. Summer winds are breathing soft anthems of praise among the verdant foliage of the pomegranate and the olive, of the date and the fig trees. Summer suns are empurpling the terraced vineyards of Ephraim. The pastures are clothed with flocks, the valleys also are covered over with corn, they shout for joy, they also sing. Mighty Kings are enthroned in Zion. Holy Priests trembling pray in the glory-chamber of Jehovah. Glowing bards with harps and psaltery make the vales of Benjamin or the hills of Judah, echo the joy-inspiring or tear-moving lyrics, which all lands will re-echo to the end of time. And stern prophets, censors of their age, warn faithless nations of their impending doom. The clouds thicken and darken over the beauteous scene. The vine languisheth—the fields are withered—the pastures are unclothed—the villages are deserted—the cities without inhabitant—the throne, the altar and the harp, in one wide ruin blent. Light and shadow

are thus intermingled—now gleams of bright sunshine, and now clouds black and fierce in their threatening aspect ; but at last a star, a bright and morning star, rises out of Jacob, and goes steadily up above the loftiest hills, widening his disc, and increasing his burning splendours as he ascendeth, till riding along the highest heaven, and blazing through every intervening cloud, he floods the wide earth with glory and joy. And yet beyond that Christ-illuminated earth, separated from it by a dark and turbid gulf, there appeared to the visioned seer another world of surpassing beauty and ineffable bliss, to which over that narrow stream an ever-increasing multitude joyfully crossed, brightening in their appearance as they approached its shores, till they were lost to the prophet's eye in dazzling light. Unable to restrain himself, Balaam brake forth into lofty song again and again, closing one of his impassioned odes with the expression of his ardent desire, *Let me die the death of the righteous, and let my last end be like his.*

Who is there among the children of men, taught by God, in whatever way, the true character of death in its relation to God's people, that does not covet a death like that of the righteous ? We may have no sympathies with the duties and struggles of the good man's life—no taste for the joys which render it endurable or blessed—but for the issues of his death, when fully apprehended, who does not fondly yearn ? Let us then enquire, by way of improving the heart-chastening event which has summoned an overflowing crowd within these walls to-day, *what those features are in the death of a servant of God, which render it the just object of desire to reflecting men ?*

Of whatsoever character these features may prove to be, *they lie not in any exemption from the pains, the separations, and the physical degradations generally connected with death.* Enoch was translated to the world of bliss without undergoing the agonies of dissolution ; Elijah in his cha-

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riot of flame went up the shining way, without traversing the land of shadows; and they who remain and are alive at the coming of Jesus, shall never die; but the multitude whom no man can number, which through the flowing ages shall reach the heavenly rest, must pass, on their way thither, through the gates of the grave. Nor are the instruments by which they are brought to that grave, at all peculiar. There is no flowery by-way, soft to the languid step of the weary pilgrim, who threads his lonely path from time to eternity. The fever-fires in which the heart and the flesh are consumed, lose not their intensity when the child of God is cast into the furnace. Consumption, stealthy sapper of the citadel of life, whoever its occupant may be, carries on his sure and deadly approaches; regardless of the suffering by day, or the terror by night, of the famished garrison within. The pestilence that walketh in darkness foregoes not its fell purpose because there is a church in the house, into which it breaks like a thief in the night. The destruction that wasteth at noon-day is altogether indifferent to the character of the victims that fall before its deadly scythe. The sea shall give up its pious dead, when the loud clangor of the last trump shall resound throughout its unfathomed caves; but its yielding waves have no power to refuse a resting place to ship-wrecked bodies, when over its blue depths the tempest sweeps in its terrible strength. In the shock of contending armies, when far flashes the red artillery, have God's soldiers oft poured the warm crimson rain from the gushing veins, mingled with the iron hail of death. From the martyr-flame, from the bloody axe, from the sunless prison, from the torturing rack, have those of whom the world was not worthy, ascended to the bosom of their Father and of their God. Oh! death is no respecter of persons—the righteous and the wicked alike fall before him.

And if the lot of the righteous is nowise different from that of the wicked, in respect to the means by which his departure

from earth is effected, neither does it differ from that of the unrighteous in the severance of those tender ties which cruel death so rudely sunders. Piety never benumbs the finer sensibilities of human nature; religion gives additional coherence and tenacity to the bonds of natural affection. The babes that cling to the bosom of a christian mother, feel the throbbings of a not less tender heart, than that which beats within the breast of an unbelieving parent. The wedded love, that unites the fates of a christian husband and a christian wife is purer, deeper, stronger, more independent of the damask cheek, the beaming eye, the rounded form, and the elastic step of fresh, unfaded youth, than that which, unmingled with the elements of a divine affection, blesseth the marriage relations of those separate from Christ. They who are at once the children of God, and the offspring of the same earthly parents, are doubly related, and to each other doubly endeared. When the sad hour comes that rives the blended affection of husband and wife, of parent and child, of brother and sister, no hearts bleed more freely, or feel severance from dear ones more keenly, than hearts that have the love of God shed abroad therein. The scalding tears which the nearly-widowed wife rains, in her agony, upon the bosom of her conscious, but dying and almost sainted husband, burn upon his heart, anguished on her account. Weeping children, vainly attempting with little hands to grasp and fasten the untwisting or fast breaking strands of maternal love, make it hard for a pious mother to die. Nor is the grave less naturally gloomy to the pious than to the impious—there is the same confined closeness,—the same dark dwelling,—the same noisome corruption,—the same riotous worm for the one as for the other, and from which recoiling nature shrinks. Not, then, in any favoured exemption from the painful or disagreeable circumstances essentially connected with death, can we find cause for wishing to die the death the righteous die. In what then,

do we find ground for such an aspiration? I proceed to shew.

The death of the righteous is *safe, always and everywhere safe*. True, it may be sudden. Swift and unannounced may glide to his couch the noiseless feet of death—he may bid him arise from the arms of deep and undreaming slumber, nor allow him to tarry to bid friends farewell. Death may open for him a short pathway to the grave through the refluxing wave, far away from the abodes of men, where the stars nightly shining, watch over the dead in the sounding sea. Death may smite him down with rapid stroke on land or flood, near the ruddy glow on his own hearth-stone, or by the far-flying bullet on the field of blood, allowing time neither for dying prayer nor dying thought, for the awful presence to which the saint is borne. Death may tear him away from his half-done duty, or his half-formed plan; or at his first approach may smite the brain with madness, and hurl reason from its throne; but come when he may, come how he may, he brings no peril to the righteous man.

The dangers, so many and great, which surrounded the true believer during his probationary course, disappear at the entrance of the death-valley. The soul of the good man, as it passes away from earth, is like some sea-tossed bark, long vexed with fierce winds and assaulting waves, which, having escaped the engulfing sands, the sunken rocks, the foaming surf, the iron bound coast on which it might have been cast away, is gallantly rounding its last cape of storms, beyond which on placid waters, spreading its rent and tattered sails to gentle and favouring breezes, it glides smoothly to the quiet haven where, safely sheltered and securely moored, its voyage over, its dangers cease. The dying saint of God is sure of heaven. By no merit of his own has he attained that certainty. He was polluted by nature—a wilful violator of law—a reckless neglecter of duty—but he has been blood-washed in regeneration's river, he has been pardoned through

the infinite love of God in Christ. He was exposed to the terrible blasts of God's wrath; but knocking at mercy's door with the trembling hand of faith, he has found admittance where condemnation cannot reach. In Christ by living faith, neither the flaming brand of Divine justice nor the fiery darts of the satanic archer can pierce the love-sheltered soul. Though, therefore, the memories of past transgressions, the recollection of every lapse and every failure, the spectres of perished blessings and of lost opportunities, the dread shadow of the law-avenger, and the dark presence of the accuser of the brethren, come clustering about the place where the good man meets his fate, the great God who is our Saviour draws around his departing one a blood-circle, sacred and impassable, and says to all that rage around it, "Thus far may ye come, but no farther." Thus protected, conscious of its perfect immunity from all evil, the soul, sweeping its piercing glance back along its life-travel, may exultingly ask,—Who shall separate me from the love of Christ? Shall life?—life with its repented sin, its forgiven sin?—life with its tribulation, its distress, its persecution, its famine, its nakedness, its sword? Or peering around among the shadows of the dark valley, enquire, shall things present?—death with its pains, its sorrows, its corruptions, its mysteries? Or gazing toward the brightness beyond, cry out, shall things to come?—yon angels? yon principalities rising in graduated glories to the footstool of Jehovah? or the unnamed powers that hold delegated sway from heaven's High King? or the heights, or depths of bliss ineffable, or of space illimitable of the world to which I go? Nay! nay! all are mine! and I am Christ's, and Christ is God's.

Timely is the death of the righteous man—*timely for himself*. He, in whose hands are our times, can make no mistake in their ordering. He allotteth to all His servants the work He would have them perform. And whether it is better for

them to be left in the field of labor till the evening shades lengthen around them, or to be called away while it is yet high noon, or to be summoned on high while the morning light of life is only breaking, is known only to Himself. Over all His decisions in behalf of His people, wisdom, and rectitude, and mercy, preside. However difficult it may be to short-sighted mortals to reconcile the apparent with the real, or to distinguish the one from the other; the Judge of all the earth doeth right, and precious in His sight is the death of His saints. For some it may be needful, in view of the destiny that awaits them, to remain under lengthened discipline and painful training, till many late autumnal suns, and many wintry snows, shall ripen and mellow them for the skies. For the safety of others it may be requisite that they should be taken away in the midst of their days;—some fruits ripen early, and early must they be gathered. Many, very many, are taken from the evil to come—from accumulating burdens which should prove too heavy for their feeble strength, from storms too fierce, from fires too hot, for their tender or sickly growth. None die too soon who die in Christ—none die too late who reach heaven at last.

God will have variety in heaven as well as on earth. The tender bud, the blushing flower, the lofty stem of slow and stately growth, the nestling shrub, and the trailing vine, have their spiritual representatives in the garden of the Lord, and along the banks of the river of God. The great Proprietor knows *where* to make His selection—whether from the mountain's brow, or the spreading vale—the sunny slope, or the sheltered glen—the rocky shore, or the pathless waste. And He knows *when* to transplant—whether in the dewy morn, or in the twilight eve, or the burning noon.

Timely, also, for the family of the departing saint does his decease oft prove to be. Many a parent, willing, but not wise, to train his children in the fear of the Lord, is with-

drawn from a sphere of duty to which he is unequal, before the errors of his parental management become irreparable. Not unfrequently does it happen that a pious mother's holy walk, and fervent and faithful monitions, are powerless with her godless children; and she is suddenly borne away to the land of peace, and her Christless offspring left motherless in the world. Then, it may be, when a sense of the great loss they have sustained comes painfully home to them—her innumerable acts of tender, provident, unrequited, love; the gentle pressure of her soft warm hand; the sweet caress, the drooping form, well up from the memory, mingled with the recollection of her nightly prayers, her weeping entreaties, her stories of the manger, of the garden, and the cross, and all the varied and faithful instruction by which she sought to conduct their wandering souls to God. She becomes a holy memory, touching, persuasive, saving.

On the other hand, it is the father of a large, you would say helpless, family that is removed in the vigor of his days, when most he is needed by those bereft of his care. Beholding these afflicted ones, while yet in the stupor of their grief, you exclaim in momentary distrust, Was it wise? was it good? was it pitiful to throw these helpless children on the sole care of that poor, feeble, heart-broken widow? Was it wise? was it good? was it pitiful? Let time, let eternity, solve the doubt. But see! The great sorrow-wave that brake upon that domestic scene hath spent its force. Yon pale and trembling mother, suppressing her anguish looks around her to note what remains to her of love and duty, dawning youth and childhood, stranded by the shock of the tempest, and appealing infancy, meet her gaze. Gathering to her fast-throbbing heart the sweet treasures spared to her, she tries to fill up the great gap made by death in her affections, with the dear pledges of her earlier love. Bearing these to the footstool of Mercy's throne, she places them

solemnly beneath the protection of Him who is "a father to the fatherless, and a husband to the widow;" her lips unceasingly breathing, 'Father, not my will, but thine, be done.' Rising strong in the Lord, and the power of His might, she begins her daily course of unwearied industry and watchful frugality—displaying a patience, a self-denial, a courage, a fortitude, which, even on earth, meet their high reward. And how these children prosper! The ringing laughter of childhood without care, may be somewhat wanting to them; and shades of unusual seriousness may mingle with the lights of their young life, but the heroic qualities of the true woman, their mother, reproduce themselves in their character, and they grow up to bless the Church and the world, according to the sphere in which they move.

As the death of the righteous oft proves timely for the family, so, also, does it frequently prove timely to the Church. A prince may have fallen in the spiritual Israel, and loud and long may the lamentation be that is made on his behalf. He may have been wise in council, noble in purpose, prompt and energetic in action, princely in his benevolence, and enriched with precious endowments of mind and of heart; so that all associated with him may have gladly relied upon his sagacity, and readily followed his leading. Yet, that energy, that wisdom, that liberality, may have been the excuse of many, for inertness, for want of thought and forecast, and for penuriousness, withholding from the cause of Christ, feeling no demand upon themselves for what by another was so bountifully supplied. Removed from the field of action to the rest of heaven, the eminent saint may, by the legacy of his example, entrusted to the keeping of history, be a thousand-fold more productive of good to the Church when dead than while yet alive.

A burning and shining light may be suddenly quenched, that had blazed out like a beacon on the watch-tower in the

night. A soldier of Christ, armed with the panoply divine, a warrior of high promise, and brilliant daring, and renowned skill, falls upon the high places of the field,—on his life may have seemed to hang the fate of battles,—he falls, but the victory is won. Baptized for the dead, heroes of God's making and finding, rush forward, and more than fill up the vacant ranks of the decimated host.

Triumphant is the death of the righteous—*triumphant under all circumstances*. Many and torturing may have been the fears which, during life, he entertained that in some perilous day, he might fall before the mighty and malicious foes combined for his destruction. With dark forebodings may he have anticipated the last conflict with the grim King of Terrors, and may have shrank from the contest whose issue he dreaded. Conscious of weakness, and encompassed with evil, forgetful of the Lord his shield, he may have trembled in view of the unequal combat. With pining longings may he have sighed for the land he feared never to see. But now in the final struggle, the terrors before which his imagination quailed are found not to exist—the barbed sting and poisoned spear have lost their venom and their point. Unwonted vigour nerves his arm—unwonted courage fills his soul. Parrying every thrust of the blunted weapons of his long dreaded enemy, he wields the keen-edged sword of the Holy Spirit with skill and force divine, and death lies low, a conquered foe. Surprised at his easy triumph, and exultant at his success, the dying believer lifteth up his voice,—O! death where is thy sting? O! grave, once terrible grave, where is thy victory? Ye are subjugated! Ye are powerless for harm! Unbar thy bolted gates, I cross thy dusky realms. O! death, to reach the promised Land.

Moreover, *the death of the righteous is generally peaceful, sometimes joyful*. Not always, for it perchance happens that the fiercest storms of a life-time come howling around its close

—the deadliest assault of the enemy may just precede his final overthrow. And, although the dying christian is assured of ultimate victory, the prolongation of the fiery contest destroys the tranquility that would otherwise bless the dying hour. Or it may be that death does its work so suddenly—the transition from earth to heaven is so rapidly made, that no time is given to note the aspect of the swift-travelled way. But in cases innumerable it is otherwise. Myriads of God's people, long driven hither on life's turbulent floods, reach at death the still, the almost unrippled waters, along whose tufted banks green pastures wave, or bending groves stretch far away. Many a sorrowing, suffering child of the Most High, to whom had been appointed days of weary languishing, and nights of restless agony, gently falls asleep at last in the arms of Jesus, like a pain-stricken child soothed by the soft lullaby of the sweet voice, sobs itself to rest upon its mother's bosom. Some, too, whose morning dawned in tempest, and whose noon was overcast with clouds dark and angry, and fiercely warning in the vaulted heaven, but at whose eventide it is light, pass away to brighter skies, like our peerless autumnal sunsets, in blazing splendours of purple and crimson and gold. Ah! few are the spectacles so attractive to the thoughtful mind, as the intelligent peacefulness of the good man's end. The scene of his departure is the antechamber of the Great King. No soul-harrowing memories stretch the heart and conscience of the dying christian upon the rack of torture, as he solemnly and deliberately evokes the many-coloured remembrances of the past—subduing recollections of his Saviour's tenderness, pity and care—how he shielded him in fight, and solaced him in grief, and sustained him in his feebleness, and blotted out his sins, and cleansed him from their stains—come thrillingly back upon him, and fill his heart with inexpressible delight. Not forgetful of his unfaithfulness and numberless infirmities—their remembrance but heightens in

his esteem the mercy and the power of his Almighty Saviour. The promised presence of Jesus is felt in the disrobing room of death, gently loosing the silver cord, and not rudely stripping him of his garb of clay. Angels, bright angels are there, ready to give warm greeting to their liberated brother, when the last earthly fetter shall have been sundered. Fair visions of faces, well remembered in other days at the family altar, or the sacramental feast, come and go, eager and expectant in the blended twilight of earth's deepening darkness and heaven's brightening noon. Soft musical whispers come floating around him, and chiding his tarrying, winningly plead, O! sweet, loving spirit, come with us away. Rich gushes of harmony of seraphic minstrelsy flow in over his soul, and thrill it with pleasure ecstatic. The heavenly city looms out on his sight, and wide unfolds its pearly gates—and its flashing streets and its jasper walls, and its gorgeous fanes, and its garnished home, and its crystal streams lie bathed in the brilliance of an effulgent sun that will never set; and the wondering saint admiring cries—

“O! 'tis better far to die.”

Breathing his tender farewells to the dear ones that remain behind, he yields himself joyfully to the cherubic guards that wait to waft his spirit home, who, spreading their wide-waving pinions beneath him, soar aloft to the city of life—a new flame ministers in the Sacred Presence. Oh! who restrains the prayer, “*Let me die the death of the righteous, and let my last end be like his.*”

Thus, *safely and timely, victoriously and peacefully*, passed our brother to his rest. Who doubts his reception there? Said a dear little child who loved Mr. Allison, after she had poured forth the sorrows of her little heart, upon being told of his death on the day of his decease, “Ma, when we go to heaven, be sure to ask where Mr. Allison is, because he is so

near the throne that perhaps we shall not see him unless you ask Jesus." O! yes near the throne he doubtless is! Not, it may be, among those loftier sons of bliss who loudest chaunt their songs of joy, but there where Mary sits again at Jesus' feet, or loving John is lost in contemplation deep, or gentle Lydia's heart is filled with grace divine. Why there? Whence our hope? Many were the excellencies that adorned his character, and precious were the services he rendered to humanity, but not upon these do we base our hope. Years ago, our lamented friend, drawn to the footstool of mercy by the gracious influence of the Holy Spirit, found peace in believing. Born again into the family of God, he became an heir of his heaven through Christ. Thus renewed in the spirit of his mind, he lived a life of faith in the Son of God. The merits of Jesus appropriated by the faith of a penitent heart were available in his behalf, both in life and in death. These merits thus received, thus retained by our departed brother, are the ground of our belief that dying in the Lord he is forever blessed.

Nor do we cherish a doubt that the Great Master called His servant away at the fitting time. His life-work was done. His eye was undimmed—his natural force unabated. Altho' he had nearly filled up the measure of three score years and ten, he was mercifully preserved from the querulous infirmities of advanced age. We shall remember him now, not as having outlived his usefulness with enfeebled body, and feebler mind, the object of respectful affection—not thus shall we recall the memory of this true Christian gentleman, this lofty minded Christian patriot, but as when taken from us with the generous affections of his large heart all unchilled, and the clear sagacity of his intellect all unclouded.

For some time before he was withdrawn from us he was devoutly seeking the richer baptism of the Holy Spirit—he sought to have his soul replenished with all the fulness of

God—enriched with all the mind that was in Christ. Humble and lowly as was his wont at the throne of grace, he claimed the promise of the all-cleansing blood. During the whole of his brief illness he seemed to be thirsting for God. And though he was not permitted to traverse the territory of the last enemy without sustaining an assault, he was able, gratefully to testify that God gave him the victory.

The fight was over—

“He sank in blissful dreams away,
And visions of eternal day.”

Thus hath heaven enriched itself at our loss. How great that loss! Thine greatest, widowed wife, and thine fatherless child! Ye knew him, where to know him was most tenderly to love him—within the magic circle of home's soft amenities. We make way for you—we yield precedence to your sorrows—they are doubly sacred. But after you, we are rivals in our grief. We mourn him as the munificent Founder of our noble Academic Halls. This princely man, who scarcely, I suppose, counted his thousands by tens, felt himself honoured for his country, to do that which no man in British North America, who counts his thousands by hundreds hath found the soul to attempt.

Ye men of wealth, was not his a glorious ambition? Seek ye not to share a fame like his? Oh! they will miss him sorely for a time—his unbought service—his wisdom in council—his meekness and self-abnegation—his open heart and open hand. Youthful aspirants for Academic honours will miss his gentle mien—his placid, sympathizing glance.

We mourn him on behalf of the great Christian enterprises of the day, of which he was a generous supporter. Christian Missionaries number one large-hearted friend the less. We mourn him in behalf of the suffering poor, for whose distresses he had a pitying heart, and a helping hand.

But, ah! we mourn him most, may I not say, as a devoted officer and member of this sorrowing church. High-minded Circuit Steward, faithful class leader, humble Christian, whoever found thee absent from the post of duty, when it was possible for thee to be present? In the great congregation, at the weekly class, at the holy sacrament, in the week-night prayer meeting, whoever found thy place vacant through indolence or neglect? Liberal in purpose, pure in motive, truthful and cautious of speech, and of unblemished integrity of action, who can estimate the value to us? Thou hast gone safely and peacefully home. Yea, and despite our grief, thou hast gone at the fitting time. We would not recall thee, blessed spirit. Rest thee in the Redeemer's bosom! The Lord gave thee to us, and precious was the gift. The Lord hath taken thee from us, and blessed be the name of the Lord. We follow. We shall meet again above. Thou wilt not be forgotten by those who tarry. For ages wilt thou be remembered on earth. While the name of Methodism lives, thine will be fragrant among men. When, from the blue wave of the Atlantic, to the sea-washed shores of the wide Pacific, great nations shall dwell in peace and power, precious youth, who have drank of the life-waters unsealed by thy benevolence, scattered throughout the vast expanse, shall keep thy name and memory fresh.

Ever and anon thy works shall follow thee whither thou art gone,—for multitudes, by the Divine blessing made wise unto salvation in the noble Institution founded by thee, shall join thee on the bliss-bathed Mount of God.